

The Continuing Crisis

■ March! And the furious debate continues throughout North Texas and Oklahoma over why some scapegrace absconded with the blood, the sexual organs, the ears, and the lips of Mr. J.R. Allison's six-hundred-pound bull. The animal is practically useless without them, and what possible utility could they have when not attached to their life-long companion? Mr. John Dunn, president of the Oklahoma Cattlemen's Association, holds that it was the work of a local Satan cult, but Mr. Don King, general manager of the Texas and Southwestern Cattle Raisers Association, scoffs at Mr. Dunn's hypothesis, for the region is fairly conservative, and without benefit of a major university. One theory, as yet to be probed, is that local Democrats, dissatisfied with the present sorry field of Presidential candidates, are constructing the ideal Presidential candidate at an undisclosed site.

■ Meanwhile back on the banks of the Potomac at Hollywood East, congressional rhetoric is even more elevated. During stertorous meetings of the Senate Budget Committee, now devoted to analyzing Fed Chairman Arthur Burns' testimony regarding a possible one hundred billion dollar budgetary deficit, Florida's Senator Lawton Chiles shuffles about, distributing "Jesus Saves" tracts to fellow solons, and discoursing on the probable state of housing in the hereafter. On the Senate floor Mike Gravel, the senior Senator from Seward's Folly, sedulously promotes the visionary cause of transcendental meditation, going so far as to introduce legislation making the second week of November "public awareness" week and launching profundities such as "Transcendental meditation is, in my own experience, a profoundly pragmatic means of integrating the welter of experiences which impinge on us everyday [sic and haw, haw]...." And finally, as Communist rockets continue to maim and to slaughter Cambodian civilians, the 94th Congress, Washington's hotbed of humanitarianism, is becoming imperturbably frugal. For as Senator Mike Mansfield paralogistically states, he is "sick and tired of seeing Indochinese men, women, and children being slaughtered by American guns with American ammunition."

■ Certainly as the month draws to a close it is apparent that President Ford's sought-after aid increase to South Vietnam will not pass Congress, not only because of Congress' sudden thrift, but also because the North Vietnamese are showing such scrupulous regard for the Paris Peace Agreement. Needless to say all Washington was astonished when the Thieu regime withdrew from the central highlands, but congressional doves were even more astonished at the behavior of local peasants, who in their simple ignorance spurned imminent liberation, left their dearest possessions, and entered upon an hysterical flight for the protection of those regions still under the corrupt Thieu regime. Either the peasants do not realize that Communist governments bring reform, efficiency, and the kind of

environmental cleanliness that sets Western journalists aflutter, or there were more greedy capitalists living in rural South Vietnam than even I.F. Stone had estimated!

■ At any rate, while the oncoming North Vietnamese good-government advocates slaughter and imprison refugees, all those bombastic Capitol Hill moralizers of yesteryear have fallen strangely silent, distracted as they are by the new priorities of economizing, paring down the powers of the Presidency, turning the Central Intelligence Agency into a study group, and otherwise reversing policies that they had idealistically thumped for throughout the postwar era despite the know-nothing animadversions of people like Senator Robert A. Taft and the radical Right.

■ Mr. Guru Maharaj Ji's first-born is an eight-pound, eight-ounce girl, whom the seventeen-year-old "perfect master" has named Premlata, which translated from the original Hindi means, "Hey, you left your lights on." In New York City, masseuses are being coy about the causes of that fire which broke out at the Garden of Eden massage parlor, but police have not ruled out simple body friction. The Garden of Eden has a reputation for featuring some of the warmest massages in New York City, and health devotees have been known to come from as far as Baltimore. Americans got an indication of the variegated delights offered by the volunteer army when S. Sgt. Charles (Leather Belly) Chapman won the insect-eating contest highlighting the 1974 Survival Symposium at Camp Murray, Washington. In just three minutes 102 live big red ants tumbled to certain death down his esophagus, yet the champion remained percipient enough to record that "They have a sour almond taste." In Portland, Oregon, Dr. Peter Warner has filed a countersuit against his erstwhile patient Mr. James Asparro. Mr. Asparro's suit charges that Dr. Warner, a cross-eyed dentist, pulled the wrong tooth from Mr. Asparro's mouth. Now Dr. Warner is charging defamation of character and bad faith. And from Minneapolis comes an ominous report about government attempts to frustrate the legitimate scientific investigations of an assistant professor of business administration at Southwest State College, Mr. Thomas Lippert. Mr. Lippert, 25, and his assistant, Mr. Harold Ross, 21, were broadening the vistas of science with some remarkable "love experiments" on a Purdue University coed when federal agents interrupted their experiments and charged the two scientists with kidnapping.

■ But precisely how far we have progressed in our evolution toward the unlovely category of police state was suggested on March 12 when the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) pounced on Mr. Cameron Bishop and Mrs. Patricia Swinton, a mere six years after these renowned peace advocates were implicated in a series of high-minded bomb plots. What is more, the thousands of FBI agents

prowling the country in pursuit of Miss Patty Hearst now seem intent not only on capturing her but also on sully her good name by linking her with the demented ex-athletic director of Oberlin College, who had become such a nuisance in the Oberlin locker room that the college paid him \$42,500 to vamoose, and with Mr. Bill (My Foot Hurts) Walton, the radical critic of capitalism, who signed a \$2.5 million contract to play basketball and then eloped to the infirmary. But as if implicating Miss Hearst with a moron and a 6'11" fraud were not enough; she, an unmarried girl, is now suffering irreparable calumnies from an FBI-inspired transcontinental whispering campaign which alleges that the admittedly controversial coed is several months pregnant and residing in various "lesbian communes."

■ Despite the treacheries of America's secret police, the struggle for freedom and dignity continues. In Colorado four women legislators, noting that the women's restroom at the Colorado House of Representatives was ninety-six steps from the legislative chamber while the men's restroom was only five steps away, have argued successfully to have the men's restroom divided so it can be shared by both sexes. Inexplicably six of the thirteen women members of the House voted against the resolution. In Connecticut, Miss Judith Quist, a waitress, filed a sex discrimination suit against her former employers who had fired her when she refused to shave her legs, though no male waiters had been asked to shave their legs.

■ In New Jersey those twenty-eight Democratic state senators who barred their fellow Democratic senator, Miss Arlene S. Ammond, from the Democratic caucus when she persisted in reporting the caucus' confidential meetings to the press, will stand trial for sex discrimination. But a pall enshrouds the California court house of Judge Noel Cannon, the woman judge suspended by the California Commission on Judicial Qualifications for having a chihuahua on her lap and a mechanical canary trilling and chirping in the background while she held court. She is also accused of jailing defense lawyers and of threatening to perform a ".38 caliber vasectomy" on a policeman—a chilling case of institutionalized sexism.

■ In Denver Mr. Louis Ballast, the father of the cheeseburger, passed away, and a winged reptile the size of an F-4 fighter plane was found in Texas. Scientists are extremely interested in the discovery, for the flying reptile, were it alive today, would be very helpful in solving problems of mass transportation. Two illegal aliens were found working in the U.S. immigration office, and a white federal employee was ruled a victim of job discrimination. He worked in the Labor Department's Office of Equal Employment Opportunity.

■ Meanwhile throughout the nation it was politics as usual. Former Secretary of Com-

(continued on page 33)

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9	James Q. Wilson.....	Abolish "Reform"	9
10	James Grant.....	Hayek: The Road to Stockholm	10
12	William Murchison.....	Holmes, Sweet Holmes	12
16	Chester E. Finn, Jr.	A Federal Policy for Higher Education?	16
19	Tibor R. Machan.....	Demythologizing the Poor	19

Departments

2	The Continuing Crisis.....		2
4	Editorial.....	R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.	4
13	The Nation's Pulse.....	Peter J. Rusthoven	13
15	The Talkies.....	Benjamin Stein	15
21	A Libertarian's Basic Repertoire.....	Ralph Raico	21
26	Brudnoy's Film Index.....	David Brudnoy	26
31	The Bootblack Stand.....	George Washington Plunkitt	31
32	The Public Policy.....	Adam Meyerson	32
34	Current Wisdom.....	Assorted Jackasses	34

Reviews

5	A. Lawrence Chickering.....	Obedience to Authority	5
23	Peter J. Rusthoven.....	Peace Is Not at Hand	23
27	Kim Benston.....	Black Fiction	27
28	Terry Krieger.....	Guilty Pleasures	28
29	Angelo M. Codevilla.....	The Genteel Populists	29

Kim Benston, just graduated from Yale, is finishing a book on Imamu Baraka... David Brudnoy is a Boston television commentator and a nationally syndicated columnist... A. Lawrence Chickering, Director of the Institute for Contemporary Studies in San Francisco, is writing a book on the problem of authority... Angelo M. Codevilla, author of *Modern France*, is Churchill Research Scholar at Claremont College... Chester E. Finn, Jr. works for the Government Studies Program of the Brookings Institution...

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editorials for the *Dallas Morning News*... Ralph Raico teaches history at SUNY College at Buffalo and is active in the New York State Libertarian Party... Peter J. Rusthoven, a student at Harvard Law School, has just been elected an officer of the *Harvard Law Review*... Benjamin Stein lives and writes in New York City... James Q. Wilson is Henry Lee Shattuck Professor of Government at Harvard and a reformer (in the true sense of the word) of our criminal justice system. His latest book is *Political Organizations*.

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Unsafe at Any Metabolic Rate

From Cambridge in the East to Berkeley in the West, and not excluding all the cow colleges in between, there are multitudinous colonies of apprehensive little men and women earnestly consuming the daily news, scowling, and wringing their hands over the worsening condition of the planet Earth. Though it makes some of them cringe and others become physically ill, they are all in a fever to know every fresh infamy committed by their fellow *Homo sapiens*—especially their fellow Amerikan *Homo sapiens*.

So they look to their local gazettes for headlines of calamity and decline. They rush to their television sets for the latest soap opera performances of the "evening news" and for fresh confirmation that Darwin was in error—it is not the fittest who have survived but the most inferior, and the most inferior are now hastening us along on a path to catastrophe. If ever they begin to lose this premonitory faith in mankind's imminent self-inflicted finale, they seek renewal in the anxious pages of the *Progressive*, the *Nation*, and the *New Republic*. They turn to National Public Radio, which they consider an educational experience, and some—those wishing to plumb the heart of our darkness—brave the *New York Review of Books*.

These are America's intellectualoids, at least they are mostly intellectualoids, and if their neurotic fears are merely transmogrifications of those uncertainties that every intelligent man has lived with and reflected upon since mankind's first stirrings in the Mesopotamian silt, that is little consolation to them. These fears are as closely related to their cerebral condition as flies are to a summer picnic; for it is the idiotic condition of the intellectualoid to remain forever gripped by that vast sense of limitless wonder that always emboldens the semi-educated, making him such an enormous pain to his betters, who put puerile awe behind them sometime during early adolescence. This infantile sense of wonder is what induces intellectualoids to ponder matters that are hopelessly beyond their meager intelligence and that leave them unhorsed and trembling from the experience. If a modern Galileo were to take pity on them and to explain to them that most of their fears are moonshine just as most of their wonder is ridiculous, he would be put down as an agent of Nixonian conspiracy or worse. The congenital oaf needs his fears; and, in every era, America has abounded with charlatans glad to minister to these needs.

Now in days of yore the charlatans had to conjure up delusions remote, exotic, and ominous to set an oaf to quavering. For instance, Bryan sold his snake oil with tales of Eastern Bankers and spirits from the nether regions. But today's

charlatans have an easy time of it, for the intellectualoid is even more gullible than a Tennessee dirt farmer, and he is more numerous. Even now many of these intellectualoids are shuddering in deadly dread of things so commonplace as *Wonder Bread*, *bacon*, *sugar*, *prime grade beef*, *Coca Cola*, *table grapes*, *Gerber baby food desserts*, and three mystery substances, denominated by them as *Frute Brute*, *Breakfast Squares*, and *Pringles*.

Appalling? Amusing? Agreed, but typical of the genre; for over a decade now intellectualoids have been bombastically testing every American value and every American institution. No social, political, or philosophical matter has been too abstruse for their pretentious skepticism. And today, after this great pothor of reassessment, the result of it is that intellectualoids all over the country are quaking in their sandals over the metaphysical possibilities of Coca Cola. They are terrorized by breakfast. Table grapes are to be treated circumspectly.

Today's intellectualoids have cultivated more fears than a medieval peasant. In fact they harbor so many fears that a pervasive and incorrigible craziness has overcome them, and they are now pressing their nostrums on all fronts. That is why we cannot dismiss their nutritional fears with guffaws and knee slaps. If recent history has taught us nothing else, it has taught us that what the oaf fears he outlaws, and with the oafs fearing everything from scientific experimentation to white bread, civilized man's liberties are in a tender condition.

If you doubt the intellectualoids' fury, consider the fervent testimony of an MIT microbiologist, the eminent Dr. Michael Jacobson, an organizer of the Center for Science in the Public Interest and a scientist in whom a yelp is struggling to be heard. *Wonder Bread* shall never touch his lips, nor shall *Frute Brute* besmirch him, for he is an intellectualoid with a mission. If he and his associates have their way America will be as free of *Wonder Bread* as Teaneck, New Jersey, was free of hooch from January 16, 1920, to December 5, 1933.

The aforementioned dangerous substances compose a list designated by Dr. Jacobson "The Terrible Ten," ten loathsome foods that fill every fastidious intellectualoid with fear. After reading Dr. Jacobson's learned treatise on them, even I was a bit wobbly, for it seems the gustatory arts, as practiced nowadays, are laced with exploitation, voodoo, and homicide. This at least is what consumer-conscious intellectualoids like Dr. Jacobson would have us believe, and it is instructive to consider their case.

Certainly the above list embraces a wide variety of foods, and Dr. Jacobson's

literature notifies us that a wide assortment of evils issues from them. For instance some are poisonous, e.g. bacon and sugar. Others are American indulgences the continued use of which threatens international disequilibrium and personal spiritual damnation, e.g. prime grade beef. Pringles represents "the ultimate insult to the potato," a food known to the cognoscenti as "a terrific vegetable." Still others are exorbitantly priced and possibly serve as covers for the Central Intelligence Agency, e.g. *Wonder Bread* and *Coca Cola*. All in all one would have to admit that the Terrible Ten encompasses a veritable profusion of evil.

To address each complaint would be heavy labor and ridiculous labor at that. For there is, as mentioned earlier, a pervasive craziness about this business, and one sheds one's dignity when one rises to the dais to debate a loon. So let us consider that one evil characterizing every item on the list; in doing so one discovers not only the depth of our intellectualoids' fears but also the craziness that has overcome them and placed them beyond the pale.

What is it that commends *Frute Brute* to the Terrible Ten and not say *Acapulco gold*, *tiger milk*, or *Vitamin C*? After intense study of the works of Dr. Jacobson and other consumerist intellectualoids who share this obsession with foods, I think I have finally apprehended the complaint fundamental to all the foods listed amongst the ten. As they see it the problem with the Terrible Ten is that those who eat from it die! Oh one can ingest *Wonder Bread* with impunity for a few decades or so, but then the wraith cometh, and the only ones who have profited from the exchange are the tax collectors and the tycoons of Colonial Bakers, Inc.

As the consumerist intellectualoid sees it, death, just like child abuse, relative deprivation, and sexual inadequacy, does not have to happen. At least not until one has lived a life full of happiness, fulfillment, significance, and Scandinavian furniture, a life that is...well, a life that is the standards statistical life as extrapolated by intellectualoids in public interest think tanks. Now just as the standard statistical life is free from "pointless" work, material discomforts, psychological longings, and unsatisfactory sex, so too is it free from bowel cancer, heart disease, and inconvenient strokes. If the American citizenry abstains from the Terrible Ten it will move a giant step toward realizing the intellectualoids' dream of the standard statistical life. Of course other benefits will accrue. Migrant workers will be educated. Under-

(continued on page 35)